Volume LXIII CHICAGO, JUNE 17, 1909 Number 16

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

TOWER HILL FOR SEASON OF 1909

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Summer Rest Time

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Summer School Season, July 25—August 22

Send for lists of Topics and References.

STUDIES.

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NEW FEATURES.

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Write early for cottages or other accommodations. Address all inquiries to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, up to July 1, after this to Tower Hill, Wis. (Note the change of address.)

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ESTIMATES FURNISHED

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1909 NUMBER 16

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

For him no heart in all the world
Has any soreness than of grief;
His was the kindly God who curled
The tendrils and who spread the leaf,
Who gave us sky and sun and rain
And saw the world that it was good—
No god of wrath and greed and pain,
But one of human brotherhood.

He asked no god of grimy gold
To give what mortals call success,
He worshiped not in accents cold
The mammon of unrighteousness—
But just the good of doing good
Was all he wrote within his creed,
And joyed when that he understood
The healing of another's need.

God's gladness in his clasping palm,
God's sunshine in his cheering smile—
He gave to aching hearts a balm
And comforted in sorrow's while.
And he was great! Not of the sword,
Not of the miry pride of craft,
Not of the clutched and clinking hoard,
Not of the rival's venom'd shaft—

But he was great because he went
The path of gladness day by day
And all he earned of joy he spent
For those he met along the way;
A kingly greatness this of his,
But with no trace of kingly hate—
For brother love and kindness is
The base of what is truly great.

And so he folds his hands in sleep;
His work well done; and his reward
Is that he hears the chorus deep
Of them that sing before the Lord.
What finer thing has God to give,
What nobler task is writ on high,
Than having such a life to live
And having such a death to die?

Chicago Evening Post —*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

Now that Mr. Howells has placed Robert Herrick among the novelists who are "at once moralists and artists" the works of this Chicago author, six in number, which Mr. Howells says "are mainly peopled by Chicagoans, especially Chicago women," will perhaps win wider reading. At least UNITY is glad to reprint the titles that during the vacation months our readers may judge for themselves. Here they are as we find them listed in *The Literary Digest*: "The Gospel of Freedom," "Memoirs of an American Citizen," "The Common Lot," "Together," "Jock o' Dreams," and "The Web of Life."

"Rehabilitating Thomas Paine" is the significant title of an article in *The Literary Digest* for June 12. Slowly but surely the theological odium which has obscured the features of this truly strong man will be dissipated. He was one who rendered valiant service to the cause of democracy and political freedom; and he was a prophet of faith, a true missionary of religion. However crude his work, he but tore away the superstitions, the incredibilities of the creeds in the interest of permanent realities. The old Paine Home at New Rochelle, which was presented to the patriot author by the state of New York, has recently been converted into The Thomas Paine Museum under the auspices of the Huguenot Society. It contains Paine and Huguenot relics. This is the first of many recognitions and memorials that are to come.

John T. McCutcheon, whom UNITY has already characterized as one of the most effective preachers of righteousness in Chicago, is doing most effective service these days with his pencil. His tariff cartoons disperse the sophistry and expose the sinister motive of the high-tariff contention in such a way, it would seem, as to be convincing to all except the members of Congress. In these days all truly patriotic citizens are in painful suspense as to what the president will do. Is Taft made of such stuff that he will stand by his guns, remember his ante-election promises, be the president of all the people, or will he be overruled, entangled, confused, and then consent, to his own perpetual disgrace, to the disappointment of those who have trusted him? Never since the close of the war has there been more at stake in the presidential chair than now.

"Rats!" is a cry that suggests neither refinement, beauty, nor utility. It would seem to be rather beneath the dignity of a great nation to devote itself to the study of rats, but nevertheless, Bulletin No. 33 of the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, issued on the 29th ultimo is a pamphlet of fifty-four pages devoted to "The Brown Rat in the United States." It is one more of the many bulletins issued by this department that offers as much good material to the preacher as to the farmer. Perhaps the ministerial libraries of the land could receive no more valuable contributions than the regular receipt of the current bulletins of the various agricultural, sociological and economic investigations put forth by the department at Washington and the co-

ordinate publications of state departments. All these can be had for the asking. Prof. Merriam in his "Letter of Transmittal" to this bulletin, says:

"The rat is believed to be the worst mammalian pest known to man. Not only does it damage property to the extent of many millions of dollars annually, but to this pecuniary loss must be added the still greater harm it inflicts by the dissemination of the dreaded plague and other diseases. Boards of health of many maritime cities in this and other countries are now engaged in an active campaign against rats, but thus far without very gratifying success."

In this pamphlet we read of the "International Association for the Rational Destruction of Rats" which originated in Denmark, and which organization, we are told, is already bearing fruit. Here is a suggestion for those who would synthesize religious forces and ameliorate sectional and denominational wastage. Brother Ministers, if we can't work together in the interests of the Kingdom to come, let's get together once in a while to fight rats!

Again the approaching Fourth of July calls for the usual amount of sage advice concerning a sane Fourth. There will be a large amount of patriotic editorial ink expended these days in protest against the noisy celebration, warnings against the deadly toy pistol, and the demoralizing cannon cracker. Mayors, police officers, and city councils will prescribe the limits of enthusiasm in these directions, but judging from past experiences the deplorable lists will be compiled the day after the Fourth, and the great metropolitan dailies will announce the fact that it was the "most fatal Fourth yet." Speaking for Chicago and from experience, all attempts to enforce the most obvious requirements of courtesy, decency, and safety on the Fourth of July have scarcely passed beyond newspaper exploitation of the same. It is useless to try to stop the foolish boy who is as likely to be over thirty as under thirty from setting off the cannon cracker under the nose of the horse that draws women and children, or to try to prevent the small boy from bargaining at once for tetanus and noise with his toy pistol as long as the same are offered for sale on every corner. This battle for decency should have been begun months ago, making it a penal offense to manufacture or import these dangerous commodities. Any violation of this law, which should be a state, if not a national enactment, should be followed by prompt confiscation and destruction of the goods. The fact is, officials and legislators have never taken themselves seriously in regard to this survival, perhaps we should say "revival," of barbarism that comes with every Fourth of July making what should be a beautiful festival of patriotism, a great holiday dedicated to love and liberty, a terror, a day of calamities, marked with fires, blood and death, exceeding the record of many a gory battle-field of history. Let us begin farther back and deeper down. It may take another century before we reach the sanctities of the fourth day of July and celebrate the same with fitting ceremonial.

It is indeed an ungracious attitude of mind that undertakes to minimize the significance of the Carnegie library gifts. Whatever may be said of the ethics of the business that made him the multi-millionaire with an income absolutely incomprehensible to the average man and makes difficult, hopeless even, his effort to die poor, there must be only unmeasured appreciation all over the globe of the 1,800 Carnegie library buildings now scattered throughout English-speaking countries. We are glad of the exhibit furnished by his own pen of this great and unique missionary work brought down to December 31, 1908, in *Collier's Weekly* of June 5, interesting extracts from which are made in *The Literary Digest* for June 12. These 959 buildings and 208 branches in the United States, eighty-six buildings and five branches in Canada, 329 buildings and fifty-nine branches in England and Wales, forty-two buildings and twenty-one branches in Ireland, 105 buildings and eighteen branches in Scotland, fourteen buildings in New Zealand, five in British West Indies, two in Australia and Tasmania, three in South Africa, one in the Seychelles Islands—let the modern school boy locate these islands—one in the Figi Islands, and over three millions and a half dollars to college libraries. All these cost only a little over fifty million dollars. Here are 1,858 centers of intelligence, hatching places of culture, democratic meeting grounds where rich and poor, male and female, young and old, heterodox and orthodox, native born and foreign born meet in a common quest and for common enjoyment. Barring the post office a free library is the most democratic center in a modern community, and all the above centers have been instituted with less money than would build eight dreadnoughts, the highest argument for the construction of which is that they are made in order that they may never be used. And still the Carnegie library is only an incident on the way to the still better thing later on. There is a mediaeval halt in the monastic seclusion of these beautiful little Greek temples, or architectural echoes thereof, scattered throughout the English-speaking world. In most of them there is meager or no provision for class, group or assembly work. The time is coming when a library building without a *mote-hall,* a place of meeting, which will be the most available and most used assembly hall in the town, will be considered deplorably inefficient. Just now the library movement is tyrannized over by the architect, and the scope of the librarian's task too much confined to the conservation of volumes and the manipulation of such as commodities. The last thing in the way of a library building is not yet reached. The highest function of that librarian is scarcely yet stated, much less realized. The segregation of books must give way to the aggregation of educational forces of the community; the concentration of the non-material interests

of the community. Vast fields of the more highly socialistic life open up to the view in the profounder study of libraries.

The Grand Old Man

America's foremost citizen has come to his well-earned rest. Our readers will have read in the daily press and elsewhere the details of the death and burial of Edward Everett Hale and we need not here reproduce the news of the triumph.

Edward Everett Hale was a minister of religion, a minister withal representing a small, heretical and unpopular denomination, but it was on account of these figures, not in spite of them, that he found his way into the hearts of the multitude, the confidence of the noble, the love and appreciation of everybody. He looked at life from the standpoint of one who believed in a God of love and in humanity as his family. He looked upon religion as native to the human heart and coming to its highest expression in terms of service, civic righteousness and the social conscience.

Mr. Hale was a minister who found the vocations of editor, poet, writer of fiction, promoter of numberless societies, friend of the negro, advocate of temperance and peace, all centering in and radiating from his pulpit. The writer of these words is one of the numberless, to him, younger men to whom he extended the right hand of cordial fellowship and ungrudging encouragement. While yet a student he dared invite him to his pulpit; a questionable kindness to the congregation but a characteristic expression of his hospitality. In the old campaigning days of the Western Conference, the Secretary from the west was made welcome at the seaside retreat, and through all the vicissitudes of UNITY, Alls Souls Church and the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Edward Everett Hale was a visible exponent of that "ever present help in time of trouble," a constant sharer of joys as of sorrows.

The great surprise in the life of Edward Everett Hale is the amount of good work he did on so many lines. Now that the aggregate looms up, we cannot wonder that to him as to others there were many good things that had to go undone.

The secret of his accomplishments is not far to seek. He simply applied himself unstintingly to the thing nearest at hand; he did the next thing, and kept on doing it to the end.

James Freeman Clarke, Henry W. Bellows, Frederick H. Hedge, and Edward Everett Hale, the great quartet of Unitarian leaders into, through, and beyond the mighty contests of the war for freedom, and now the last of them is gone. Surely the banner must be kept flying still at the head of the column where they placed it. To the limited vision of our human eyes, we may see no successors, but tutored by their faith we must not doubt that this high apostolate will not go without a succession. The writer of "The Man Without a Country" and the conquering epigrams of the Lend-a-Hand clubs call still to all of us from the advance.

A New Type of Ministerial School

The "Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy" indicates a new way of preparing ministers of religion. As yet those who avail themselves of the privileges are probably of the unfrocked kind. This is but a recognition of the fact that religion is finding new methods, and somewhere farther along this school and the old-fashioned theological school will do work under one charter. Then, perhaps, the dearth of ministers will disappear. This work has been carried on heroically for six years by a very few people. The projectors had in mind a training both technical and practical adequate to promote efficiency in public and voluntary humanitarian work, and it is gratifying to know that they are greatly encouraged with the results. We are glad to make room for the following announcement and prospectus prepared for us by one on the inside:

The first class to take the full course in the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy was graduated June 4, 1909. It consisted of eleven members, seven of whom were women and four men. They came from Michigan, Wisconsin, California, Ohio, Texas and Illinois. All of them had either graduated from college, university and professional school or had qualified themselves to take this training by experience in practical humanitarian work.

Teaching and training constitute the course they have pursued. The teachers are men and women who are doing the things which sixty-five students came to this school to learn how to do. Alexander Johnson, Secretary of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, came from Indianapolis to teach the institutional care of the dependent and defective. Prof. Henderson and Sherman C. Kingsley of the United Charities taught relief work. Chief Probation Officer Witter and his predecessor, Henry E. Thurston, now superintendent of the Children's Home and Aid Society, showed these mature men and women how to help delinquent children. Dr. Wm. Healy gave them a physician's view of the physical and mental conditions which shape character and conduct. Prof. Graham Taylor who is president of the school, conducted a course in "Industrial Conditions and Relationships." In addition to these and many other lines of practical instruction, each student was required to take at least twelve hours a week of practice work in the city, under some practical specialist, who reported to the school the progress of the apprentice. The graduating theses show what practical experience and interests these students have had. Among the subjects announced were "Industrial Efficiency," "Homeless Men and the Work Test——A Study of Fifty Cases," "Importance of Trained Systematic Work in Small Towns," "Relation of Industry to Poverty," "A Study of Conditions in One Hundred Alleys," A Nationality Map of the people who are in the organizations at Chicago Commons, showing twenty one nationalities by colors, "The Modification of Heredity by Environment," "The Municipal Voters League," "Ethics of the Coming Man."

Prof. W. E. Hotchkiss of the Northwestern University School of Commerce and Administration delivered the address to the graduates and their friends on "The Scientific Basis for Social Advance."

The report of the Research Department showed that the inquiry into the conditions and juvenile court treatment of delinquent children is nearing completion, and that the investigation of typical housing conditions has been begun at the official request of the Commissioner of Health. These investigations are conducted by Miss S. P. Breckinridge of the University of Chicago and Miss Edith Abbott formerly of Wellesley College who are directors of the Research Department and have ten or more trained helpers giving their whole time to the work.

The summer session of the school from June 22 to July 30 offers a course in playground work at the South Park recreation centers under Edward B. DeGroot. Another course conducted by Edward F. Worst of the Industrial Arts Department of the Chicago Normal School trains those in care of the insane and mentally defective to occupy the minds and hands of their patients. Last year it was given with great success to attendants from the Illinois State institutions and others in Indiana, Nebraska, New York and New Jersey. A general course is also offered in "Present Aspects of preventive, ameliorative and reconstructive social work with visits to the city, county and state institutions and other social agencies.

The school has been supported for six experimental years by the voluntary gifts of the friends of its work and the tuition of its students. Among its trustees are:—Judge E. O. Brown, Miss Julia C. Lathrop, Edward L. Ryerson, Mrs. W. F. Dummer, Victor Elting, Mrs. Emmons Blaine, Charles R. Crane, Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, Alfred L. Baker and Miss Jane Addams, besides professors in all the surrounding universities.

A Sage in Blue Jean Overalls

He was a plain, humble stone-mason, a builder of barns, a maker of cellars, a constructor of houses for men to dwell in. He was a modest craftsman, the mark of whose hammer abides in many places throughout a wide range of the countryside. He was a skilled mechanic who allowed no stone, however humble, to remain out of plumb or any line uncorrected by his skilled hand to the accurate demands of his trained eye. He was a man who would not be hurried; who reared the front of a pig-sty with the same care, deliberation and pleasure that he did a chapel wall. When urged not to be so particular over the interior foundation of the little chapel, for no one would ever see the careless work or the untrimmed line, he replied, "Ah, but I would see it; I would know it was there."

In the elder days of art builders wrought with greatest care,
Each minute and unseen part, "For the gods see everywhere."

Here was a refinement of classic standards. The God whose approval he coveted looked through his own eyes and spoke approval or condemnation in his own soul.

He was a bachelor, without wife, child, or kin. For nearly thirty years he had been a foreigner in a strange land with an alien tongue, and still, when, in the fulness of his three-score and ten, the body bent and at last broken by hard, unrelenting toil, he was laid to rest, a tearful neighborhood gathered round the casket and sobbing little children piled the grave high with wild flowers they had gathered from the hillsides. A friend had gone hence who was ever befriended, honored, and respected.

And this for good reason, for this sage of the stone quarry had gone up and down those country roads in his mortar-stained working clothes an acknowledged saint as well as sage. This skilled workman had a heart that was pure, a mind that was alert. He was a familiar of the poets; a teacher whose wise maxims, pertinent epigrams, quaint tales and apt Bible texts sprang unbidden to his lips. He had brought into this hill and valley country a more exacting standard of thought as well as of workmanship. No matter how coarse or low were those who toiled with him, the tongue was pure, the thought refined when he was by. No man was coarse or unkind; no tongue slandered in the presence of that rare child of God whose sympathy and appreciation had so outreached his privileges.

David Timothy was his name, but "Timothy" and not "David" was his familiar name, and he was ever "Mr. Timothy" to his fellow workmen.

"Here by the side of John I would like to be laid when I am gone," he had said, and it was beside the grave of "Brother John" in the little church yard of Unity chapel at Hillside, Wis., that he was laid away on the ninth day of June, 1909. For the sake of saying something like this, the Senior Editor of UNITY tore himself from many engagements, broke some engagements that he might meet this previous engagement with one, measured by real standards, who was possessed of one of the best-furnished minds he has even known; one whose constant communion was with noble men and high thoughts.

"Well, this is the last of the communion in the Welsh in this valley!" was his word to the writer after the last word had been spoken over the grave of the "Brother John" who for many years had with him read and talked and remembered high things in the old mother tongue. It does seem as though the last of the real "Welsh-men" is gone from that community with the death of Timothy. Such a character as his can scarcely be produced in this hurried, text-book, newspaper, money-making, culture-seeking life of America. It is hard to say why, with all our schools and colleges we scarcely can produce characters whose delight is "in the law of the Lord" and who meditate upon that law day and night.

In far-off Wales there is what the rigid orthodox call the "black spot of heresy" where Unitarianism, or something more ancient, flourished long before the days of Channing in America. There has obtained a certain combination of influence and inheritance which has made, let us hope still makes, men both rational and devout, who delight in placing old texts in new lights; who find joy in handling the *"Pwnc,"* the point of thought; men who between the horns of the plow recite the poets, and women too who, while earning by free sweat their black bread, love the bards and know their Bibles; men who never sa wthe inside of college walls, whose only tutorship came from the humble Sunday-school and the little assistance received by the fireside, who still have discovered the charm of literature, the pleasure of investigation, and a joy in oratory. Such was "Timothy" the stone-mason. His was a furnished mind that knew much of the methods of science and waited with open consciousness the latest additions to human knowledge. His soul was charged with expectancy. He was always on the lookout at the head of the column.

Perhaps the last piece of work to which he gave

his heart and which grew under his directing hand was the little barn on Tower Hill, of which regular readers of UNITY may remember something. He was then feeble and had often to rest. Slowly and laboriously would he climb to West-Hope cottage to rest himself with a bit of talk. He came with an *"Englyn,"* an anecdote or a noble passage, a peroration of some one of his favorite old Welsh poets, on the tip of his tongue. It was thus to the end. His last hours were whiled away over the pages of his dear little monthly, the *"Ymofynydd,"* the organ of the Welsh Unitarians.

Many years ago the Senior Editor of UNITY was permitted to go up and down the valley of *Cletwr* among the scenes of his childhood, and he saw the brave new Unitarian chapel reared by Timothy's hands, met the lonely sisters who still dwelt in the humble, straw-thatched cabin, and who were waiting by the roadside for tokens of the brother in America. All these years they have been waiting for his return. Perhaps for most of these years he had cherished the purpose to return.

The long loneliness on both sides of the water has come to an end. The brother has returned. He has gone home to the land where distance is not; where geographical lines do not obtain; where no man is foreigner. The humble craftsman now dwells within the imperishable walls which he reared in and for his soul, walls of love, reverence, truth, loyalty, integrity. All these belong to eternity.

The Nameless Saints.

What was his name? I do not know his name.
I only know he heard God's voice and came,
  Brought all he had across the sea
  To live and work for God and me;
    Felled the ungracious oak;
      Dragged from the soil
      With horrid toil
  The thrice gnarled roots and stubborn rock;
With plenty piled the haggard mountain-side;
And at the end, without memorial, died.
No blaring trumpets sounded out his fame,
He lived,—he died,—I do not know his name.

No form of bronze and no memorial stones
Show me the place where lie his mouldering bones,
  Only a cheerful city stands
  Builded by his hardened hands.
    Only ten thousand homes
      Where every day
      The cheerful play
    Of love and hope and courage comes.
These are his monument, and these alone.
There is no form of bronze and no memorial stone.

And I?
Is there some desert or some pathless sea
Where Thou, good God of angels, wilt send me?
  Some oak for me to rend; some sod,
    Some rock for me to break;
    Some handful of His corn to take
    And scatter far afield,
    Till it, in turn, shall yield
      Its hundred fold
      Of grains of gold
  To feed the waiting children of my God?
Show me the desert, Father, or the sea.
Is it Thine enterprise? Great God, send me.
And though this body lie where ocean rolls,
Count me among all Faithful Souls.

—EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

THE PULPIT

If.

"Much virtue lies in if."

He would be a first-rate fellow if—and then we recount his one fatal weakness. She would be a beautiful girl if—and we describe the one sad blemish. We all remember the old rhyme which tells how a kingdom was lost for the want of a horse-shoe nail. If the horse-shoe nail had been in its place the shoe and the horse and the rider and the battle and the kingdom would all have been saved,—perhaps. The old song ran:

"If I had but ten thousand a year, Gaffer Green,
  If I had but ten thousand a year,
  What a man I should be! What sights I should see!
  If I had but ten thousand a year."

We've all had the dream haven't we? Our prices vary. Some of us could get along very well on five thousand, others crave the income of the multi-millionaire. Some of us have read the chapters of Upton Sinclair's novel that were printed in the American. Our disgust with the way in which the parasitic rich spend their time and money is unfeigned. But *if we* had such incomes—how differently *we* should do! How wisely we should spend our money! Can't we see that we are all reckoning without our host? Can't we see that we are leaving out of our equation the unknown, but the constant quantity—the eternal, overruling justice? There's a *reason* for the fatal weakness of our friend. There's a *reason* for the one sad blemish in the beauty of the girl. We know that? Doubtless. And we should know that our platitudes of "if" amount to this—*if* a thing were not imperfect, it would be perfect,—which is, in the expressive phrase of a friend, expounding the obvious. In the case of the kingdom that was lost for the want of a horse-shoe nail, can we doubt for a minute that there were underlying weaknesses, injustices, failures on the part of the side which lost that rendered loss inevitable—in that battle or some other? But it is when we indulge in the folly of imagining how much better our lives would be, how much happier, how much fuller *if* we had more money—it is then that we display our greatest lack of wisdom. Money will buy so many *things* that we want. Leisure, books, art, music, travel—and these will give us knowledge, education, culture, wisdom, character. Do you notice how generous I am? I assume that *we* have outgrown the childish desire for rich food, for fine clothes, for palatial residences, for all the *material things* with which the parasite rich surround themselves. I assume that we are wise enough to want money for the purpose of getting the things which we think lead toward education, culture, wisdom, character. And I tell you, friends, that when we begin to consider and speculate with *if* we begin to follow a will-o'-the-wisp that will lead us into all sorts of quagmires.

There is no question, there is no doubt that leisure and books and pictures and music and travel are things which *may* lead toward culture, toward character. Nor is there any question or doubt that many a man, many a woman, who has these, fails to get culture, fails to develop character? On the other hand, there is no doubt that many a man, many a woman, has gained true culture, has developed noble character without leisure, without books, without pictures, without music, without travel. We have all known,

or know of such people. Theodore Roosevelt's youth was spent among all the environments which competence gives, with a Harvard education; and we say, if we could have had such advantages, how much stronger we should be, how much more we should accomplish. But Abraham Lincoln's youth was spent in abject poverty, and his education was—you know what. Why don't we say: "If only we could have had the training that Abraham Lincoln had, what men we should be?" Was it the ease and the comfort of competence and the Harvard education that made Roosevelt the man he is? Was it the hardships, the privations, the hard work, the lack of—education, I was going to say, but that would be a mistake—the lack of books and schools, that made Lincoln the man he was? Can't we see deep enough to discover that it is the *man,* the *soul,* the *divine,* that takes *what it finds,* what life, God *gives,* and builds up—*character?*

It seems to me that all speculation about what *might* have happened *if* something else hadn't happened is wasted time and thought; is, further, an assumption of wisdom that doesn't belong to us, and a forgetting of the fact of eternal justice. Going back to the story of the lost horse-shoe nail and the lost kingdom, we say: "*If* it had not been for the mistake of the man who failed to drive and clinch properly that one horse-shoe nail, the kingdom would not have been lost, the history of the nation would have been quite different; the history of the world would have been changed." I think our reasoning is false and baseless from start to finish. Perhaps—just perhaps—the loss of the horse-shoe was due to the loss of that one nail. It is not impossible that the strain that took off the shoe might have been sufficient to take it off despite another, well-clinched nail. But there were a hundred places on that journey where the strain might have taken off that shoe or another. There were a hundred stones on which the horse might have lamed himself *with* all his shoes on. There were hundreds of ways in which the rider might have been lost had the horse never gone lame. There were countless ways in which the battle might have been lost had the rider delivered his message. And there were innumerable ways in which the kingdom might have been lost had that one battle been gained. Can't we see that in asserting the loss of the kingdom as a *result* of the loss of the horse-shoe nail we are attempting to balance a pyramid upon its apex? We are assumming a knowledge of facts which we can not possibly have? And when we go further and picture the better or the worse condition of the country had that little horse-shoe nail *not* been lost, then we are arrogating to ourselves a wisdom which Omnipotence alone possesses; then, I think, we are forgetting that eternal justice governs, and that the kingdom was lost because it was *right* that it should be lost. This objection to the drawing of wholly unwarranted conclusions—that the horse and the rider and the battle and the kingdom were lost *because* of the loss of the horse-shoe nail—does not bar us from recognizing the facts as they *did* occur. There was a sequence of events following the careless shoeing of the horse. It may not be amiss to note that sequence, to recognize that the careless work in a little thing was followed by disastrous events. And yet, I question seriously the wisdom of attempting to enforce the necessity of doing little things *well,* by pointing out the apparently disastrous results which have followed the doing of little things *ill.* To my thinking, that method is too closely allied to the old plan of frightening folk into righteousness by picturing the tortures of hell. Children, as well as grown folk, are not slow to discover that careless work does not, always, *show* serious loss as its result, although it *may,* perhaps, sometimes, so show. I do not believe it wise to try to frighten ourselves or our children into good work by picturing either the evils which we think will follow, here, upon poor work, or the hell which some of our friends think will follow hereafter. I do not believe it wise to attempt to entice ourselves or our children into the doing of our work well by picturing either the desirable results which we think will follow here, or the glories of heaven which we think will follow hereafter. It is absolutely true, I believe, that wrongdoing always brings suffering; that right-doing always brings happiness. But to base our appeal for righteousness, to ourselves, or to our children, upon that truth, is a mistake. We must learn to do right, *not* because it will bring happiness, but because it *is right.* We must learn to shun wrong, *not* because it will bring suffering, but because it *is wrong. Why must* we learn these things? There's no *logical* answer to that question that I have found. The illogical answer is because *something* tells you in your heart and me in my heart that we must. Call that *something* what you like. I call it God. The name does not matter. It is there, in your heart and in mine; and *it* is the *il*logicol, but terribly real and persistent reason why we *must do right* and *shun wrong.*

How often this little word *if* stands in the way of right conduct! Do you believe that the impulses that come to a pure, unselfish heart are always good? They are. But where are the pure, unselfish hearts? We are all imperfect. We are all tainted with selfishness. True, and yet the pure, unselfish hearts are all about us, *are in our own breasts.* Oh! not always pure! not always unselfish! But often, more often, I think, than most of us are inclined to give ourselves credit for, our hearts are pure and unselfish; and the impulses that come to us at those times are absolutely good. They come straight from the Eternal Goodness. Do we follow them? How often that little word *if* comes in and causes us to hesitate until the golden moment has fled. We are prompted to do a kindly deed for a stranger, to speak a kindly word. We should be glad to, we should do it, *if* we were not afraid that it would not be quite proper. The man says: If I extend this act of courtesy toward this woman, she might think me bold. The woman says: If I show this kindly interest in this man, he might presume upon it and be offensive. We all say: If I do the things that my heart prompts me to do, something, somewhere, somehow, sometime *may* turn up to make me wish I hadn't done them. Isn't that the truth? Can't every one of us recall times when we have failed to do the kindly deed, to speak the kindly word—failed because of *if* and the detestable *fear* that always sneaks behind it? Friends, if there is one detestable thing on the face of God's green earth, it is that fear of unpleasant consequences to ourselves which sneaks behind the *if* that prevents us from following the generous impulses of our hearts. It is one of the most contemptible forms of selfishness. It is a base hypocritical vice posing as a virtue, pretending to be a guardian of goodness. If we have any real faith in God; if we have any actual belief in a Power that makes for righteousness: we must see the utter silliness and senselessness of this fear. Goodness needs no such base and selfish guardian. The pure, unselfish heart of a man, a woman, a boy,

a girl is guarded by the Eternal Goodness. You say that innocence has been betrayed? I tell you that innocence has never been betrayed. Folly has been betrayed. Selfishness has been betrayed. Pure, unselfishness innocence has never been betrayed in this wide world, never can be. Perhaps that doesn't seem true to you. It does seem true to me. And I should like to awaken every man and woman of you here, young and old, to such an absolute trust in the Eternal Goodness that never again, from this day forth, would you allow that little *if* of selfish fear to keep you from following the kindly, the generous, the unselfish impulses of your pure hearts. You will be criticised if you do the unconventional things which your heart prompts you to do? Without doubt. You'll not escape criticism by others; you'll not escape self-criticism, perhaps. But then, if you are to be free from criticism, I know of but one rule to follow—that laid down by Elbert Hubbard. Here it is: "To escape criticism, do nothing, say nothing, be nothing." If there is anything in this sermon worth carrying home with you, that is,—listen again: "To escape criticism, *do nothing, say nothing, be nothing.*"

A man and woman were talking about Jesus. One maintained that Jesus was a man; a child of God as you and I are children of God, and in no other way and to no greater extent. The other said: But what becomes of our teacher, *if* we take that view? Just the old fear, the old self-distrust, in which every superstitition of the race has rooted itself. Our teacher? Why! bless us! haven't we God for our teacher? Hasn't each of us, in his own breast, a conscience, the voice of God speaking directly to him? And must we listen to the words of some man, Jesus or Buddha; some woman, Katherine Tingley or Mrs. Eddy? Must we believe them to be divine? or especially inspired? Isn't it wiser, braver to recognize our own divinity ,to believe in ourselves? Can't we see that, in the last analysis, we *must* believe in ourselves, we *must* trust our *own* reason, our *own* conscience? When we get down to the bottom facts, when we get down to the real basis of whatever real belief we have, do we find anything but our *own* conscience, our *own* reason. There are countless reasons why people *profess* to be followers of Jesus, just as there are millions of men and women whose following is just profession. But there is one reason, *just one reason* why a man *is,* really, a follower of Jesus. That one reason is that the man finds, in his own breast, the same command which he understands Jesus to have given. The voice of God, speaking to him, through his own conscience and reason, commands him to do the things which he thinks Jesus did, to leave undone the things which he thinks Jesus left undone. To just the extent that he really follows Jesus. he *is* obeying his *own* conscience, following his *own* reason. Throughout the ages men have been afraid to trust themselves, afraid to believe in themselves. They have been foolish enough to think that they could pin their faith to some man or some woman or some God, and get—saved—lifted *out* of the hell of their foolish fears, into the heaven of their foolish fancies. It is not so. It never was and never can be. We *must* depend upon ourselves. Let us be wise enough to see this fact. Let us be brave enough to face it, squarely. Your reason for you, my reason for me; your conscience for you, my conscience for me; these and these alone are our final arbiters. Let's quit being cowards. Let's quit calling ourselves worms of the dust. If any man has been divine, you and I *are* divine. If God has ever spoken to any man or woman God does speak to you and to me. If there has ever been a revelation anywhere, at any time, to any one; there *is* a constant revelation to you and to me in the dictates of our own reason and our own conscience. What seems to us reasonable, what seems to us true, that we *must* believe, whether we will or not. We may *pretend* to believe in some peculiar divinity of Jesus because we are afraid that to relinquish that belief might hurt us. We may *pretend* to believe that the Old Testament or the New Testament has some special sanctity, some particular authority because we are afraid that morality would have no foundation otherwise. Those pretences are as hollow and valueless as any other. Just one word has authority with you,—the word which your own heart resognizes as *true.* Just one sentence is sacred to me—the sentence in which my own heart finds the truth. And every man and every woman is a divine teacher when he makes a statement which our reasons and our consciences approve; for we, friends, are divine, and the Eternal Goodness speaks, directly, to you and to me.

EDWIN G. BROWN.

CORRESPONDENCE

More Peace Hymns

Dear UNITY: You ask for hymns suitable to "Peace Congresses," printing a list suggested by Mr. Gannett. Of course, he and you meant to ascribe the "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night," to Bowring, not Browning. [A typographical slip.—Eds.]

Let me add, "Thy Kingdom Come, O God!" by Lewis Hensley, well set to "St. Cecilia" by L. G. Hayne, and adapted to miscellaneous gatherings if the word "Lord" be substituted for "Christ" in the second line, as in some of the hymn-books.

And, further, I enclose a copy of a hymn which appeared in the *Advocate of Peace* in February. So far as I know it has not yet found its way into any hymn-book, though it is well worthy a place.

Yours truly,
HENRY WILDER FOOTE.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.
G. WILLIAM MERRELL VORIES.

Let there be light, Lord God of Hosts!
Let there be wisdom on the earth!
Let broad humanity have birth!

Let there be deeds, instead of boasts!
Within our passioned hearts instil
The calm that endeth strife;
Make us thy ministers of life;

Purge us from lusts that curse and kill!
Give us the peace of vision clear
To see our brothers' good our own,
To joy and suffer not alone:

The Pore that casteth out all fear!
Let woe and waste of warfare cease,
That useful labor yet may build
Its homes with love and laughter filled!
God! give thy wayward children Peace!

From "Advocate of Peace," February, 1909.

Hachiman, Omi, Japan.

STILL MORE PEACE HYMNS.

Dear UNITY:

I was interested to read Gannett's good list of peace hymns, in the last UNITY. I think you may be interested in the enclosed list of hymns, which I printed in a little sheet for popular use, at the time of the Boston Peace Congress in 1904.

Yours truly,
EDWIN D. MEAD.

Boston, Mass.

The churches of the country have been stirred to unusual interest and activity in the cause of peace by the coming International Peace Congress, which meets in Boston, the first week in October. In Boston itself a large committee of ministers has been formed, representing all the leading denominations, to arrange meetings in the various churches on the Sunday preceding the Congress, to emphasize the special duties of the churches and religious men in the peace cause. They have appealed to churches throughout the country for similar observance; and wide interest in religious circles has resulted. To meet this interest and demand, the Committee of the Peace Congress has prepared a special sheet of "Hymns for the Peace Crusade," which is supplied at a trifling cost by the American Peace Society in Boston. There are eighteen hymns altogether in the little sheet; and the following table of the first lines and writers will indicate their character and variety:

"God, the All-terrible King, who ordainest,"—*Chorley.*
"While sounds of war are head around."—*Anon.*
"Come, kingdom of our God,"—*Johns.*
"Thy kingdom come; on bended knee,"—*Hosmer.*
"The Lord will come, and not be slow,"—*Milton.*
"Watchman, tell us of the night,"—*Bowring.*
"Send down Thy truth, O God!"—*Edward R. Sill.*
"The morning light is breaking,"—*Samuel F. Smith.*
"Thy kingdom come, O God!"—*Hensley.*
"Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!"—*Holmes.*
"Hush the loud cannon's roar,"—*John.*
"How beauteous are their feet,"—*Watts.*
"All men are equal in their birth,"—*Harriet Martineau.*
"O beautiful, my country!"—*Hosmer.*
"These things shall be: a loftier race,"—*Symonds.*
"It came upon the midnight clear,"—*Edmund H. Sears.*
"Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise,"—*Pope.*
"God bless our native land!"—*Brooks and Dwight.*

Many of these are old familiar hymns, and all the better on that account for effective popular use. Others are not so well known; but hymns like the following by John Addington Symonds, ought to be known and sung everywhere:

These things shall be! A loftier race
  Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
  And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
  Not to spill human blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
  On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
  Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
  The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom, of loftier mould,
  And mightier music thrill the skies;
And every life shall be a song,
  When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin, nor shame,
  And wrath and wrong shall fettered lie;
For man shall be at one with God
  In bonds of firm necessity.

Henry M. Simmons.

Written for the Memorial Service, May 30, 1909, First Unitarian Society, Minneapolis, Minn.

Time shall not tarnish thy memory sweet,
Friend whom we cherish, though seasons are fleet!
Years are swift winging since last on thy face
Eyes were rejoicing thy brightness to trace,
Yet upward in beauty still rises the star
Of love such as thine to illume us afar.

Years upon years may a sun have been lost
And still its swift flame to men's vision be tossed.
So sparkles of beauty and warmth and delight
Reveal thee still ours, though transported from sight;
While winters to spring, springs to summer may grow,
And thou in perennial beauty still glow.

Would that our lives from thy love may have caught
Flame to inspire us to follow the "Ought";
Would that the world in our lives may behold
Something of thee as thou livedst of old,
Thus shalt thou still be alive on the earth,
And out of thine ashes still beauty have birth!

Boston. James H. West.

I.

Kindest friend and gentlest mentor,
Earnest, thoughtful, fearless leader,
Here today, upon this altar,
Raised by the Love and Mercy,
Lay we offerings to thy memory,—
Place upon thy brow the garlands
That attest the love and reverence
Felt by all who truly know thee.

II.

Many years you walked beside us,
Cheering all with kindly greetings,
Helping all with words of comfort;
Teaching tender, loving kindness
By thy deeds of faithful service,—
Lifting souls to higher levels
By thy firm and pure devotion
To the cause of Truth and Justice.

III

Ever thou a child of Nature;
All her moods to thee familiar;
Every plant of field or forest
Had for thee its humble lesson:
Every living, moving creature
Spake to thee in words of wisdom;
All the stars that deck the heavens
Stirred thy soul with deep emotion.

IV.

And thy fellow human mortals,
Be they black, or brown, or yellow,
Be they wise or be they simple,
Be they great or be they humble,—
All, to thee, were equal children
Of a kind and loving Father,—
All were brothers, all were sisters,
All endowed by Mother Nature
With the right to equal freedom.

V.

May thy words of truth and wisdom
Long remain to guide and cheer us;
May thy sturdy love of justice
Help us rid the world of error;
May our firm and strong devotion
Stir our hearts to new endeavor;
May thy kind and tender spirit
Fill our souls with love and mercy.

Minneapolis, Minn. C. J. Buell.

Written for a memorial service, given by the Sunday-school of First Unitarian Church, Minneapolis, Minn., on the anniversary of Mr. Simmon's death.

OF THOSE WHO WALK ALONE.

Women there are on earth, most sweet and high,
  Who lose their own, and walk bereft and lonely,
Loving that one lost heart until they die,
  Loving it only.

And so they never see beside them grow
  Children, whose coming is like breath of flowers;
Consoled by subtler loves the angels know
  Through childless hours.

Good deeds they do: they comfort and they bless
  In duties others put off till the morrow;
Their look is balm, their touch is tenderness
  To all in sorrow.

Betimes the world smiles at them, as 't were shame,
  This maiden guise, long after youth's departed;
But in God's book they bear another name—
  "The faithful-hearted."

Faithful in life, and faithful unto death,
  Such souls, in sooth, illume with luster splendid
That glimpsed, glad land wherein, the vision saith,
  Earth's wrongs are ended.

—*Richard Burton, in the May Century.*

THE HOME

The Vocation of the Unemployed College Graduate: or the Ability and Responsibility of the College Girl

READ AT THE CONFIRMATION CLASS ALUMNI OF ALL SOUL'S CHURCH, MAY 14, 1909, BY FLORENCE L. THOMAS OF SMITH COLLEGE, CLASS OF 1908.

Let us imagine ourselves for the moment seated in a great stadium, watching a parade, a very unique parade indeed, composed of a battalion of girls—all college graduates who are preparing to march down the road of Life under the colors of Truth, with Courage, Hope and Faith their only weapons. As the different companies pass in review, we admire their drill. By their accurateness we see that they are systematically trained, mentally as well as physically; in their quickness we notice adaptability; and in their earnestness we discover purpose. With systematic minds, adaptability and purpose, what cannot be accomplished? But these characteristics do not impress us deeply until we leave the staidum and begin to inquire into the ability and responsibility of the girls of this remarkable battalion of five companies.

First comes Company "A", made up of girls who have some definite claim on their time, in the schoolroom, office or shop. Their company is very large and consists of a class of girls who are representative of one-third of the whole army of college graduates. As their future is carved in fierce and sometimes rough lines, we will pass on to the next group for investigation.

Company "B", next in size, is composed of girls who take charge of the home; whose duty it is, perhaps, to care for the intellectual and material needs of younger brothers and sisters and who develop their natural inclinations toward domesticity by acquiring a more complete and scientific knowledge of the use of the needle, cook-book and dust-pan. If the home they care for *is* their own, so much the better, for their college training and broadened interests in the affairs of the nation help to create the "House Beautiful."

Next in size comes Company "C," which responds to the appealing call of the settlement house. The tendency to help less fortunate brothers and sisters, awakened perhaps by settlement work in their college town, deepens and is satisfied only by work in the wider circles and more desperate conditions of the Bowery and Levee of our larger cities. The missionary to foreign lands is also of this class, but the percentage is small.

Company "D" is perhaps the most interesting of all, for it is composed of girls who have a special talent, for whom it is as natural to wield the brush, flourish the pen, or run a scale as it is to breathe. Unhampered by regular college duties, this girl is able to specialize in her own line to her heart's content, and, blessed with the artistic temperament, is able to interpret and express the deepest meaning of life in her own medium, whether it be through Art, Literature, or Music.

So far we have had four splendid companies, equipped with trained minds, adaptability, and purpose, and standing for the employed, the homemaker, the settlement worker, and the artist, but how are we to classify our fifth and last company? Company "E" is made up of girls who have the possibilities of the worker, but who develop these possibilities very little. These girls are always busy doing nothing for they are sometimes lazy, frivolous and full of caprice. They are of the sort that just manage to get their degree and rest firm in the conviction that the name of their Alma Mater carries with it enough power to sweep them along the tide of life; flimsy straws, little realizing that they must work with the wave or be crushed when it breaks. We may be very glad indeed that Company "E" forms such a very small percentage of college graduates. But having admitted the existence of this type, let us look into the causes of the lack of responsibility of the girl toward herself, her family and the world.

First, she may be hampered by heredity, that is, she may have inherited such strong tendencies to think along surface lines, that she doesn't bother to inquire into the real nature of things; and secondly, she may be too easily influenced or too weak to overcome the obstacles of her environment, whatever they may be.

The irresponsibility which seems to be the one deeply-rooted evil of this type of girl ought to be remedied somewhat in college. This could be done partly by the teacher, who would recognize the individual needs of his students, and partly by the students themselves, who often show great self-control in the institutions where self-government is practiced. With such a foundation upon which to build, a general idea of responsibility could be developed by the graduate, for she would at least see where her weakness lay, and could strive continually towards self-control and unselfishness, which implies the thought of duty towards others.

If however, knowledge of self is so difficult to acquire, why could not the problem be solved by a resolve to accomplish each day as much as possible; to live in the Eternal Now; and to till the soil of the intellect, sow the seeds of industry and weed the fields of negligence in order to reap the harvest of love, the continual help and crowning joy of daily life. Then and only then, will she realize that

> "A vision haunts us, of ourselves at best,
> Nor till we grasp it can our souls find rest."

Then will she be able to feel and promote truth, righteousness and love in the world.

With this help, Company E may keep up with the rest of the battalion and do her share in the battlefield of life, with Courage, Hope, and Faith her only muskets.

THE PATH IN THE SKY.

The woods were dark and the night was black,
And only an owl could see the track;
Yet the cheery driver made his way
Through the great pine woods as if it were day.
I asked him, "How do you manage to see?
The road and the forest are one to me."
"To me as well," he replied, "and I
Can only drive by the path in the sky."
I looked above, where the treetops tall
Rose from the road like an ebon wall,
And lo! a beautiful starry lane
Wound as the road wound, and made it plain.
And since, when the path of my life is drear
And all is blackness and doubt and fear;
When the horrors of midnight are here below,
And I see not a step of the way to go,
Then, ah! then I can look on high,
And walk on earth by the path in the sky.

—*Amos R. Wells.*

WATCH-TOWER

The Election of Lorimer.

Bossism is still in control of the situation in Illinois, bossism in spite of the Primary Election Law, and bi-partisan bossism at that. Among people who entertain high ideals of political honor, the election of Mr. Lorimer to represent this state in the Senate of the United States will be looked upon as nothing short of a disaster. And still the rank and file of voters go on voting the straight party ticket. The lesson to be learned from the bi-partisan boss is the independent voter.

The Death of H. H. Rogers.

Many and varied have been the comments upon the death of the late head of the Standard Oil Company. One paper, the Nation, says that in Wall Street he was regarded as such men are—not as an individual but as a cog in a great machine. One would think that if a free expression of individuality is to be found anywhere in the existing order it would be at the head of such financial interests as Mr. Rogers controlled. Estimating the character of his business activities the Outlook has termed him a believer in the "Law of the Survival of the Fittest," strictly applied to the industrial world. Of course such an extreme individualism is the enemy of industrial democracy, and the Outlook points out that in an industrial democracy it would be impossible in a short lifetime to acquire an estate of tens of millions of dollars. The mind of the age is slowly assuming a different attitude toward our industrial ethics from the old laissez faire theory of a few decades past. The remote effects of a transaction upon the general welfare is beginning to be taken into consideration. The remarks of the progress relative to Mr. Rogers show that the public conscience is demanding that business shall manifest a greater devotion to the common good, that it show a more Christian spirit. The Kingdom of God can never come in the affairs of men until religion is as concerned about winning commerce for Christ as it appears about Congo.

The Opposition Party

Upon two occasions this spring has the Democrat Party had the opportunity of justifying its existence as the opposition party. In each case it would merely have had to be true to its own platform, and in each case, owing to the waywardness of some of its members it has failed. It lost its opportunity in the recent tariff legislation in Washington, where from the time that certain Democrats took their stand in support of the Republican machine in the House, until the action of certain Southern Senators in voting for the high tariff on lumber, etc., it has disappointed many. Again many members of that party have shown that they cannot be depended upon by the senatorial election in Springfield last week, when they deserted their own candidate and elected Mr. Lorimer by a vote of 53 Democrats to 55 Republicans. We wonder if these particular gentlemen will be allowed to participate in the primary elections of their party next summer.

The Amendment to the Local Option Bill.

At present writing it seems that the efforts of the liquor men to take the life out of the Illinois Local Option Law, by an amendment which permits cities and towns within townships that voted "dry" to nullify such action within their corporate limits, will fail at this session of the Legislature. The proposed amendment has been killed in the committee of the Senate, where the Anti-Cigaret bill perished with it. It is understood that the saloon men are making desperate efforts to get the bill amendment onto the floor where they hope to have enough votes to secure its passage. This action is hardly in accord with the plea presented to the merchants of the small cities of the state, to the effect that the farmers living in the vicinity of a town would cease to give it their patronage if it should vote the saloons out.

The Employment Agency Bill.

The present Legislature has done one good thing. Hereafter the State will supervise such concerns as employment agencies. None may conduct business in Illinois without a license, and only honest practices will be permitted. This is a move in the right direction. People who are guilty of defrauding the unemployed out of their small savings are the worst sort of thieves and the public should be protected against them. Moreover the state in performing this function, recognizes in a way an obligation that has long rested upon it. The world may not owe every man a living, but it does owe him an opportunity to earn his bread, and society through the state should see that he gets that.

Religious Toleration in Russia.

The Young Turks are not the only ones whose democratic ideas necessarily involve religious freedom. The Russian Duma on May 28, passed a law partially carrying out the design of the manifesto of May 13. By this act the Old Believers, one of the so-called schismatic sects is recognized along with the State Church.

The Georgia Strike.

Combine race prejudice with class hatred, and there results an ugly state of affairs. Some such conditions seem to be existing in Georgia at the present time, where the attempt of the railway officials to employ colored firemen has resulted in a situation that may call for interference on part of the United States authorities. It is maintained that if the railroads persist in their determination to employ the colored firemen, there is likely to result a season of intensified race hatred throughout the state. If these negroes are being used as strike breakers it is perfectly natural that they should be considered traitors to the working class, but if it is a mere question of the black man's right to enter certain lines of employment, then the strikers are no longer standing for the rights of labor, but have dragged into the controversy elements which are aside from the labor movement, in which they cannot hope to have the sympathy of the public at large.

Memorial Day.

Many beautiful, things and doubtless many superficial things were said and written last Sunday and Monday about the "boys of '61." It is fitting that society should in a spirit little short of religious fervor remember those through whose sacrifices modern institutions have been made possible, and it is to be hoped that the spirit of gratitude, and praise will extend until it reaches the heroes of peace. There are many men today facing dangers in the battle for bread, fully as dangerous as were faced in the 60's. It has been estimated that there have been in the last four years in the industrial establishments of the United States, shops, mines, railroad, etc., 80,000 more casualties than were sustained on both sides of the Civil War. But for the greed of the owners, most of these accidents could be prevented. And what is more a large number of these unknown heroes lie in potters fields, their graves are not decorated, their widows are destitute, their children are hungry and often compelled through child labor to add their lives to the sacrifice. There is as yet no order of Sons of the Anthracite Coal Miners. The children of these heroes of peace are not so popular as the names G. A. R. or Sons of Veterans.

E. D. M.

"A vision haunts us, of ourselves at best,
Nor till we grasp it can our souls find rest."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

"A Manual of American Literature, 1607-1906." Edited by Theodore Stanton, M. A. (Cornell). In collaboration with members of the faculty of Cornell University. 493 pages, $1.75, net.

"The Playground of Europe," by Leslie Stephen. Illustrated. 384 pages, $1.75, net.

"The Emmanuel Movement in a New England Town," by Lyman P. Powell. 194 pages, $1.25, net.

"Dromina," by John Ayscough. 477 pages, $1.50, net.

"The Great Lakes, and the Vessels that Plough Them," by James Oliver Curwood. Illustrated. 221 pages, $3.50, net.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY.

"Is Immortality Desirable?" by G. Lowes Dickinson. 63 pages, 75 cents, net.

"English for Foreigners," by Sara R. O'Brien. Illustrated. 158 pages.

"The Eternal Values," by Hugo Munsterberg. 430 pages, $2.50, net.

SHERMAN, FRENCH & CO.

"Saint Peter," by Richard Arnold Greene. 49 pages, $1.00, net.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS:

"Scripture and Song in Worship." Arranged by Francis Wayland Shepardson and Lester Bartlett Jones. 140 pages, postpaid, 59 cents.

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS.

"Verses," by Grace S. Wells. 126 pages.

DONOHUE & CO.

"Echoes from Oak Street," by Ruthella Benjamin. 343 pages.

EXPRESSION CO., Boston:

"Browning and the Dramatic Monologue," by S. S. Curry, Ph. D., Litt. D.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

MILLIONAIRES IN PRUSSIA.—According to recent official statistics reproduced in the German socialist organ, *Vorwaerts*, "the number of millionaires in Prussia has increased in thirteen years from 5,256 to 8,377.

"But the sum total of millionaire fortunes has increased more rapidly than their number, it now amounts to 23,650 millions of marks compared with 13,482 millions in 1895, an increase of more than ten milliards.

"In the hands of 8,000 capitalists is now concentrated one quarter of the total wealth of Prussia: 26 per cent in place of 21 per cent in 1895.

"The plus-value produced by the labor of the proletariat is absorbed by this little group of capitalists, and it is their wealth that makes the poverty of the nation.

"The luxury displayed at Berlin ill conceals the poverty of the laboring class. There are at the present time over 100,000 unemployed in the Prussian capital. From this number should be deducted 30,000, whose idleness, we are told, is not due to lack of employment, but the number even then remaining is scarcely less appalling.

"When will the proletariat understand that it is its labor and its poverty which produces the wealth of which a little group of capitalists is the only beneficiary?"

CONDEMNATION FOR SACRILEGE.—The Federal court has just set at liberty a Zurich engineer, named Ricnter, who, in March last, was sentenced by the cantonal court of assizes of Lucern, to two months' imprisonment for the crime of sacrilege. The same decree of the local court expelled him from Switzerland for eight years. What then was his offence? He was brought before the court for having given, last June, a lecture on Monism and Christianity.

Le Signal, which is my authority for this curious item, marvels at the strange mentality of the Lucern judges and at the singular law which they thought fit to enforce. "Are we in Switzerland, in the twentieth century?" it asks, "or in Spain, at the time of the Inquisition?" There exist, then, in certain cantons, laws in flagrant conflict with the federal constitution, and these laws are enforced! and a cantonal tribunal can not merely sentence to prison a person who exercises freedom of thought and of speech, but has also the right to banish Swiss citizens from the territory of the confederation! This is unheard of! It is high time there was a unification of Swiss penal law, which would do away with such strange anomalies."

M. E. H.

EVOLUTION OF THE CROW.

(*Written in the year of our Lord*, 2009.)

Ah, yes, my son, 'tis doubtless,
As the truthful legend goes,
That in that day the Southland
Was full of human crows,
But the wheel of evolution
Keeps turning, as you know,
And with every revolution
Brings a better breed of crow.

The man crow, after ages
Of ethnic ebb and flow,
Experienced an uplift,
And so became Jim Crow,
For the wheel of evolution
Kept turning, as we know,
And with every revolution
Brought a higher type of crow.

Jim bore the honor meekly,
Determined still to grow,
'Till plain Jim Crow expanded
At last into James Crow,
For the wheel of evolution
Kept turning, as we know,
And with every revolution
Brought a more superior crow.

James fed into the hoppers
Of the mills that grind so slow,
'Till lo! his grist so gracious—
Our neighbor, Mr. Crow!
For the wheel of evolution
Kept turning, as we know,
And with every revolution
Brought a higher flying crow.

The race, by good endeavor,
Through every weal and woe,
Wiped out the ban forever,
And now we've Brother Crow!
For the wheel of evolution
Kept turning, as we know,
And with every revolution
Brought a worthier, nobler crow.

The crow, my son, that darkened
White ethics in that day,
On wings of ripened justice
Has forever flown away,
For the wheel of evolution
Keeps turning, as we know,
And with every revolution
Brings to life a brighter glow.

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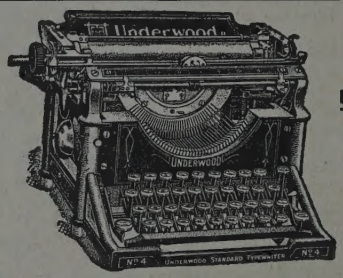

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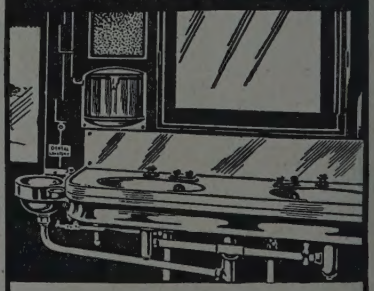

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